

*Happy Birthday*  
**K1-B0**  
*This is my Voice! Mini Zine*

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## **THIS IS MY VOICE!** **A MINI BIRTHDAY ZINE FOR K1-B0**

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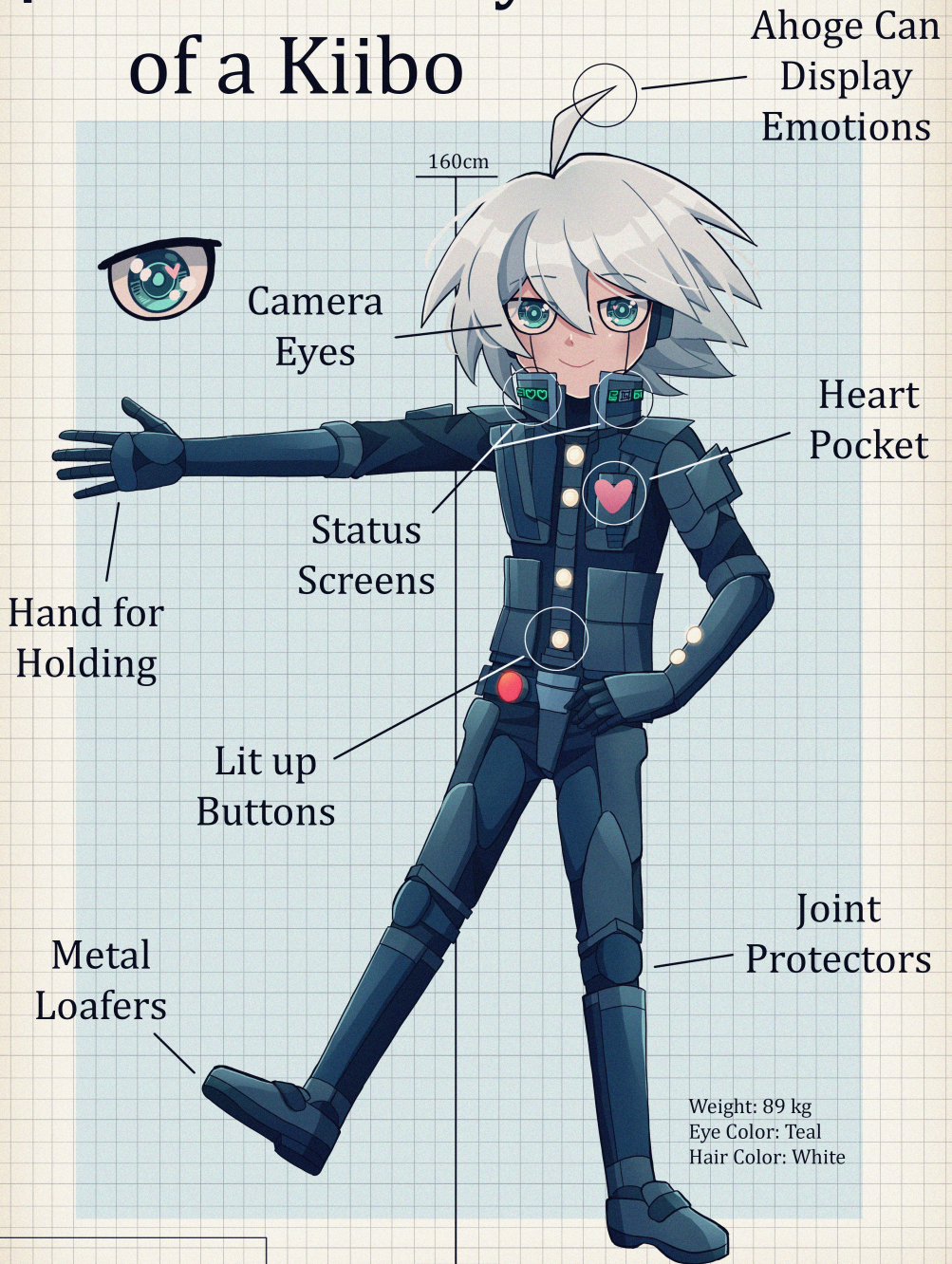








# The Anatomy of a Kiibo



Remember to handle  
your Kiibo with care

29.10.2021

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# ***Keebo Idabashi: Ace Attorney***

BY ANIMERCOM

Nekomaru banged a gavel. "The class trial of Kokichi Oma for his robophobic remarks is now in session. Are the prosecution and defense ready?"

Biting his lip, Keebo glanced around the classroom. Homework was written on the chalkboard. Posters advertising club and sports activities had been sloppily tacked onto the walls. Rows of cubbies rested against the back wall. A gentle breeze ruffled the plants by the window. Beside Keebo, Byakuya and Kokichi stood behind two pushed-together desks. Kokichi grinned up at Byakuya. Keebo scowled. I cannot let his slanderous remarks go unpunished any longer. Keebo pounded a hand on a desk. "The prosecution is ready, Your Honor!"

Byakuya crossed his arms. "Defending you would be quite the challenge. Something only someone from the Togami Family could do. But I am more interested in your deal, Kokichi. If I win, you claim you'll keep Toko from approaching me for a whole week?"

Tongue sticking out, Kokichi flashed the peace sign. "Yup, yup, scout's honor!"

Scoffing, Byakuya pushed up his glasses. "I sincerely doubt it, but I'm intrigued to see you try. Very well. The defense is ready, Your Honor."

The mountain of a man, Nekomaru, sat behind the small teacher's desk. A laugh rumbled through his barrel chest. "Gah-hahaha! You look great, Byakuya! Just look at all the weight you lost. You doing squats?"

Byakuya's eye twitched. "Let's begin this farce already."

"All right, all right. Taking part in a trial should at least be an interesting form of mental training." Nekomaru bellowed, "Keebo, enter the ring with your opening statement!"

Keebo made a noise like clearing his throat. "Gladly. Ever since we entered Hope's Peak, Kokichi Oma has been callous, rude, and even outright hostile towards myself and all of robotkind with his derogatory remarks and discriminatory antics. His actions are inexcusable and I, the aggrieved party, demand the school take disciplinary action, his sworn oath to never discriminate against robotkind again, and I to be given proper monetary compensation."

Kokichi rolled his eyes. "Geez, want an arm and a leg, too? Oh, wait. I'm not a robot who can detach my limbs."

"See, this is exactly what I mean!"

"Objection," called Byakuya. "Anyone could see that my client was merely pointing out the differences between robot and humankind; obviously there is nothing wrong."

Keebo shook his head. "Nothing wrong? I have a court record that says

otherwise!" Keebo whapped some papers with the back of his hand. "Last week, on October 29 during P.E., many witnesses and myself can attest to Kokichi tying me up so I could be a training dummy for Tenko!"

Snickering, Kokichi chimed in, "Emphasis on 'dummy'."

Byakuya glared. "I will get you a gag order."

Humming, Nekomaru crossed his arms. "Training against someone with a hard metallic body... that would make for a good sparring partner."

Keebo gaped. "I am not a punching bag!"

Nekomaru nodded. "Point goes to defense."

"This isn't a sports game!"

Kokichi flopped down into a student's chair. "Ughhhh, I'm so bored. Aren't we done already? I'm gonna check if Kaito was scared by my latest chain letter or not." Pulling out his phone, Kokichi leaned against the back of the chair along his side.

Keebo pointed to Kokichi with his hands. "Look at the disrespect he shows even to the court!"

Nekomaru scratches his chest. "It's fine; he just needs a break. I take a break in the middle of the class all the time to take a shit. Sometimes I get up to do it in the bathroom."

Exhaling, Keebo reshuffled his papers on his desk. "Well, if that is not sufficient proof for Your Honor, I have a second account."

Kokichi cackled. "Spam bot accounts. Nee-hee."

Keebo's eyebrow twitched as he continued, "During our class's cultural festival haunted house display, he swapped skeletons with bodies of broken robots, doused the place in oil instead of blood, and replaced the brain of noodles with nuts and bolts! He unabashedly acted out a robotic genocide!"

Kokichi cooed, "Aww, did the li'l robot have nightmares?"

Byakuya crossed his arms. "I motion for my client to be held in contempt of court."

"Hey!"

Frowning, Nekomaru scratched his head. "Why would you want me to hate Kokichi? You're defending him, Byakuya. That's not being a team player!"

"Tch, never mind." Smirking, Byakuya tapped his forehead. "It appears my so-called competitor is confused. Perhaps his wires are crossed. Hope's Peak is the true invidious one here by not catering to robots with their horror-esque features. It's impressive the lengths Kokichi went through to be so inclusive for his friend." Sweeping an arm, Byakuya bowed. "Isn't that right, Kokichi?"

Scowling, Kokichi tapped his phone. "Ugh, my phone is dead. Kee-boy, you got an outlet on ya, right? Where is it?"

Keebo balled his fists. "Is that how you treat your friends?!"

Nekomaru seized the gravel in his fist, shouting, "You're overlooking the

heart of haunted houses. They're meant to be SCAAAAARY! So scary, you might accidentally shit your—oh!" The gravel fell to the ground in a shower of splinters. "Oh, uh, guess I don't know my own strength! Gah-haha!"

Keebo slammed the desk with both hands. "D-don't give your ruling just yet, Your Honor! I have yet to present the most incriminating evidence. Yesterday in class, Kokichi rapidly hit my emergency on/off button. The teacher thought I was having a seizure!"

The room fell silent. Byakuya side glared at Kokichi. He shrugged. "What? I was trying to practice button mashing for Mario Party."

Byakuya pinched the bridge of his nose. "I knew this was a waste of time."

Nekomaru frowned. "But not that much time has passed. It's only 2:13:57 hours..."

Everyone blinked. Keebo frowned. "That... that is extremely precise. But humans don't normally report the milliseconds."

Tsking, Byakuya wagged a finger. "Being discriminatory?"

"Wh-what? No! Do not attempt to distract the court proceedings!"

Nekomaru pointed a finger. "We really should hurry up though because I have to take a SHIIIIIT! Time for closing arguments."

Keebo blanched. "Nekomaru, is that silver paint on the bottom of your hand? It's all shiny..." Keebo froze. "Oh... oh no."

"Oh this?" Nekomaru pounded his fists together. Paint flew everywhere, revealing metallic hands. "I have been reborn as MECHAMARU NIDAIIIIIII!"

Gasping, Byakuya stepped back. "You're a robot?"

"Gah-haha, that's right! Miu upgraded me. Thought it would be cool and help me better train and manage teams. Then Angie painted over it."

Keebo's mind reeled. Nekomaru is... a robot? But he's been siding with Kokichi. No, I can use this! I just have to think out of the box. I can turn this whole trial around! "Your Honor, as a robot yourself, surely you understand the pain of being discriminated against—"

"I do." Nekomaru stood up, his silent bulky form overlooking them all. "But missing passes, falling down, and losing games are all part of growing closer as a team. And because of Kokichi bullying you in PE, the cultural festival, and in class, you learned more about each other and became better teammates. What you call robophobic is just his attempt to communicate. So this court finds Kokichi Oma NOT GUIIIIIILTY!"

Keebo gaped. "Wh-wha...?" Papers slid out of his hands. "What kind of illogical conclusion is that? That doesn't make any sense at all!"

Fists balled, Byakuya rounded on Kokichi. "There's no way you didn't know about this."

"Like, uh, no duh. When I heard Keebo was actually serious about prosecuting me, I fed Nekomaru a line of 'Oh, being a robot would be helpful for



getting stronger!’ and then convinced him to be the judge. Brain dead easy. Oh sorry, was that inconsiderate?”

Nekomaru laughed. “Keebo seemed really passionate about having it and who am I to deny someone’s FIERY PAAAASSION!”

Grinning, Kokichi folded his arms behind his head. “And, boy, it was worth it! Watching you and Kee-boy flounder sure was entertaining! Nee-heehee.”

“So I wasn’t needed at all?” Huffing, Byakuya threw his papers to the side. “I was a fool for listening to you.” He stormed out the door.

Keebo held up a hand. “Wait, no! This trial can’t end just yet. Do you really expect Kokichi to learn anything after all he’s done? He put magnetic letters on my back that spelled ‘kick me’, handed out hot springs coupons to everyone while giving me a car wash discount, and teased me about my inability to have children! It could happen!”

Kokichi raised a brow. “Oh, so robots do have di—”

“I have recorded your robophobic remark in my hard drive as further evidence of your robophobia!”

“Geez, do you have unlimited capacity or what? How much space in your hard drive is taken up with the dumb crap I say?”

Keebo frowned, thinking. Shaking his head, he asserted, “That’s another charge I’d like to add!”

“Yeah, yeah, whatevs.” After waving a hand in dismissal, Kokichi skipped over to Nekomaru. “Hey, you got a mega buster? Or, ooh, what about a rocket booster?”

Laughing, Nekomaru put a hand on the back of his head. “That sounds like a blaaaaaast! Let’s go ask Miu!”

“Hey, I was wondering. Do robots shit?”

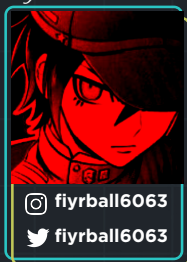
“Haven’t figured that out yet.”

Chatting, the two headed out the door.

Keebo held out a hand. “I object! Hold it! Come back...!”

# CREDITS

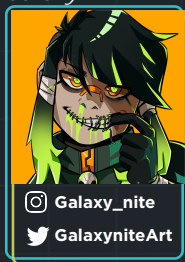
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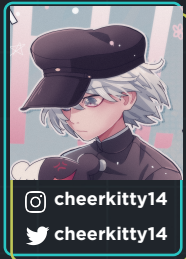
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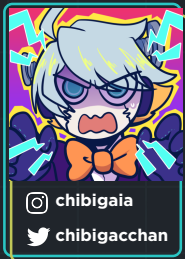
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